Vol. II. Numb. 21.

# The EXAMINER.

From Thursday *April* 17, to Thursday *April* 24. 1712.

THE vehement and perpetual Exclamations that are made againſt the *Examiner* and his Brother *Abel*, as he is call'd, is an undeniable Argument of the Modeſty and Moderation of the *Whig* Party, and their Writers: I have often wonder'd how they had the Aſſurance to make us ſo many Reproaches, in a Caſe where they were much more Guilty; their Invectives more Virulent; their Railings more Abuſive and Groſs; their Repetitions more frequent; and, in a word, where we are outdone by them in every individual Circumſtance, which they, to ſpeak in their own Phraſe, affected to accuſe the *Tory Libellers* of. That we may the better judge againſt which Party lies the heavieſt Charge, I will take leave to ſtate the Fact, and remain contented to leave the Judgment to the moſt indifferent Perſon.

However they may fall ſhort in Skill and Conduct, or, to ſay all in a little, in the Goodneſs of their Cauſe, they outdo us in Numbers; their Forces are vaſtly greater than ours; and as to Induſtry and Perſeverance, I am afraid we cannot pretend to the Honour of contending with them. There the Inequality is very viſible, when this poor ſolitary Paper of mine (for which, in the modeſt Words of the *Obſervator*, I deſerve to be whip'd from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*) comes out but once a Week, and is the only one that pretends to meddle with *Politicks*: As to my Brother *Abel*, his Buſineſs being News, he very ſeldom mingles any thing elſe in his *Libel*; but becauſe he hath the hard Fate of being ſo Obnoxious to the Party, as he hath lately, amongſt ſome great and vigorous Adverſaries found to his Coſt, I am contented to ſet him on the ſame foot with the *Examiner*, upon which we ſhall find the Account to ſtand thus.

*WHIG Papers.*

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| The *Proteſtant Poſt-Boy*, | Three times a Week. |
| The *Flying-Poſt*, | |
| The *Poſt-Man*, | |
| The *Daily-Courant*, | Six times a Week. |
| The *Obſervator*, | Twice a Week. |
| The *Medley*. | |

In all Nineteen Papers.

*TORY Papers.*

| | |
|---|---|
| The *Poſt-Boy*, | Three times a Week. |
| The *Examiner*, | Once a Week. |

In all Four Papers.

Certainly their Zeal muſt be ſerventer than ours, or their Pay much better; neither are they ſatisfied with out-numbring us, but they render the Inequality ſtill more unequal by their Animoſity, which ſpreads into Antipathy and Hatred: Yet, with all their Invectives, they ſeem to be but little acquainted with the true Art of raiſing Contempt; the Delicacy and Difficulty lies in cauſing your Adverſary to be deſpiſed by others, not in the ill-bred Terms, and deſpiſing Airs you give your ſelf; at that rate Contempt will much ſooner return upon the Contemner's Head. Noiſe, Scurrility, and clamorous Tautologies, are the harmleſs Artillery of factious Blockheads, who can do Execution no other way; and which they can no more lay down, than the endearing Words, *Popery* and the *Pretender*; or than they can forbear calling Honeſt *Abel* and my ſelf *Frenchified Hirelings, mercenary Tools fit for a ſlaviſh Faction, Friends to the* French *Tyrant*: The *Examiner, a ſtupid Dunce, a mean ſilly Scribler, who hath leave from his Maſters to write any thing but the Truth; the moſt impudent ſaucy Scoundrel; the Mouth of the Party, with a foul black Tongue, fit only to be ſcraped by honeſt* Roger's *Paring-Shovel; with a Breath ſo very rank, that his Throat and Lungs muſt neceſſarily be Infected with the* French *Diſeaſe; therefore* Tom *the Farrier, who Drenches the Country-man's Cart Horſes, muſt do the ſame by him.* But enough of this obſcene Dialect; whether there be Wit in it or no, I will not pretend to decide, but I am ſure there is very little Manners. It raiſes ſuch vile Ideas, that a Man of common good Nature would make haſte to get rid of them as ſoon as poſſible; and is very different from the Uſage with which the *Examiner* treats his Oppoſers: Thus they have every way the Advantage; Four to One, or Nineteen to Four, are very great odds in all human Affairs, eſpecially Combats; there is no diſputing againſt ſuch a Superiority. As to the noiſie part, were my Brother and I diſpoſed to contend with them, our two Voices could not expect to be heard amongſt ſuch a well-choſen, full-mouth'd Pack, who keep up the Scent till the reſt of the Party fall in with the Cry, and ſo honeſt *Abel* and the *Examiner* muſt be inevitably run down.

Let me ask theſe Gentlemen, if the *Examiner* be ſuch an *impudent ſcandalous Lyar*, why they are ſo apparently Stung with what he writes? A notorious Impoſtor provokes rather Laughter than Tears; we are ſeldom uneaſie at what ſuch a Perſon can ſay. Why doth the Horſe wince ſo very much when he is touch'd, but becauſe the Place

Place is not found enough to bear being ſtroak'd, even by the gentleſt Hand? If he hath *Lyed*, why do they not make appear in what? where hath he made uſe of any Falſhoods? Moſt of what he hath ſaid may be found in the *Reports* made by the *Commiſſioners of Accounts*, all *taken upon Oath*. Hath not the H—— of C——ns Voted the *Illegality* of certain Practices? Doth not the whole Army know what themſelves and their Brethren have ſuffer'd, ſome of them *even to Death*, for want of ſuch ſeaſonable Aſſiſtance as was appointed by the Government for their Preſervation? The Perſon *Vindicated* is very little obliged to his miſtaken *Vindicators*, who by their Aſſurance, in point-blank *denying All*, occaſions the *belief* of *All*. It were a Mark of much more Wiſdom and Diſcretion, not to meddle in a Defence, to which they are ſo very unequal, and where the ableſt Heads would be ſure to be Caſt. What can Clamour, or even Eloquence, if they had it, avail againſt Demonſtration, againſt down-right Matter of Fact, atteſted by undeniable Evidence? Methinks *That Perſon* ſhould in Prudence deſire, that Himſelf, and ſome of thoſe Actions that have made the greateſt Noiſe, might be forgotten, at leaſt for a Seaſon; but theſe ill-adviſed Advocates reſolve Nineteen times a Week to refreſh Peoples Memory, with the repetition of that wonderful Agility and Addreſs, thoſe great Parts and inimitable Genius, by which one Man hath raiſed ſuch immenſe Wealth, as hath made him the Idol of the diſintereſted and conſcientious Party.

As to the Charge of Impudence in the *Examiner*, were the *Examiner* diſpoſed to uſe ſuch ſcurrilous Expreſſions, he might with much more Colour return it back to thoſe Perſons who ſo falſly accuſe him; but to *touch Pitch were the way to be defiled*; I do not care to rake into ſuch monſtrous Impurities, but leave them to periſh in their Obſcurity, rather than ſtain this Paper with thoſe ſaucy, wretched Witticiſms, by which they have attack'd the greateſt and wiſeſt Perſons, entruſted by the Q—— with the Management of the moſt weighty Affairs; a piece of Liberty and Diſreſpect, which the *Tory* Writers never made uſe of againſt the late Miniſtry, 'till they found Her M——y was diſpoſed to Change them, tho' they lay ſo open to the Objections of all honeſt Men, who, with Anguiſh of Mind, beheld and foreſaw the future Diſtreſs of the Nation, in the, then, preſent Corruptions and Miſmanagement of Affairs.

But tho' I am willing to allow our Adverſaries the Advantage in Numbers, Falſity, Noiſe, and even Impudence; yet I muſt aſſert the Superiority in the goodneſs of our Intentions: Their Deſign hath been to deſtroy the Conſtitution and National Church; Ours, to defend it; Theirs, to miſrepreſent, and put the Minds of the People in a ferment, alternately toſſing them with Hopes and Fears; Ours, to deliver Facts literally, to calm the Ragings of the Tempeſt, and ſhow in whom we ought to Confide, and whom to Diſtruſt; Theirs, with united Voice, and repeated Cries, to infect the People with dally Poiſon, againſt the wiſeſt Adminiſtration that *England* hath known, ſince the Glorious Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; Ours, in thoſe excellent Words of that Bright Author, *The Letter to the* EXAMINER, *To furniſh Mankind with a Weekly Antidote to that Weekly Poiſon, which, by a* Factious Cabal, *is ſo profuſely ſcatter'd thro' the Nation.*

My Printer may very juſtly accuſe himſelf of Forgetfulneſs, if not Negligence, in bringing me but Yeſterday the following ingenious *Epigram*; it ſeems he hath had it by him ſome Weeks, but never brought it me: I grant it would have been much more ſeaſonable when it was firſt Compoſed, yet, becauſe I think it well done, I ſhall inſert it, as a means of refreſhing good Peoples Memories upon the Subject which occaſion'd the Writing of it.

## EPIGRAM.

*A* Jew *and a* G—n—l *join'd both in a Trade,*
*The* Jew *was a Baker, the* G—n—l *ſold Bread:*
*The* Jew *had before ſold* Snuff *on the* Muſt,
*But now with the* G--n—l *ſells muſty brown Cruſt,*
*And circuncis'd Loaves, that hungry ſtarved Wretches,*
*Who can break thro' Stone Walls, might be uſeful at Breaches.*
*We read how* Drawcanſir, *having kill'd all his Foes,*
*Falls foul on his Friends, and kills all that he knows;*
*He was Prince of the* Mohocks, *who ſcouring the Street,* (meet.
*With their known* Moderation *wound all that they*
*Impartial and Fierce; thus* Our *Hero kills Dead,*
*His Foes with his Arms, his Friends with his Bread.*
*'Tis time to make Peace, Oh* Inſatiable *Getter!*
*For who'd fight for* Bread, *when their Bread is no better.*


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